If euer loue had intereſt in his liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Will faſhion the euent in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not wel, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,
Out of all eies, tongues, minds, and iniuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduiſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtly as your ſoule
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may leade me.

Frier Tis wel conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience and endure. *exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept al this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleeue your faire coſin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde ſo well as you,

is

is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I knowe not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo wel as you, but beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſory for my coſin.

Bened. By my ſword Beatrice, thou loueſt me.

Beat. Do not ſweare and eate it.

Bened. I will ſweare by it that you loue me, and I wil make him eate it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eate your word?

Bened. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bened. What offence ſweete Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy houre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bened. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bened. Come bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it, farewell.

Bened. Tarry ſweete Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bened. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bened. We'le be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonored my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand, vntill they come to take handes, and then with publike accuſation vncouerd ſlaunder, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I woulde

 eate